

"LIGHT BEARER'S NUMBER"

THE MISSIONARY HELPER

What of the children, my sisters ?

What of the coming band ?

Who will take up the work of the Master

As it falls from your trembling hand ?

Are they trained to the cause, O mothers ?

Are they strong and brave and true ?

Are they ready to lift the burden

When the Master calls for you ?

Isabelle Mackay.

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CONTENTS

Greeting— <i>Mrs. W. A. Montgomery</i>	-	-	-	132
Gladdest Work in the World— <i>Amy B. Coe</i>	-	-	-	133
Loyalty and Little Light Bearers— <i>Laura E. Hartley</i>	-	-	-	136
A Definite Task	-	-	-	137
Busy Advanced Light Bearers— <i>Nellie Peck</i>	-	-	-	138
A Transformation	-	-	-	140
A Unique Occasion— <i>Lena S. Fenner</i>	-	-	-	141
A Great Executive— <i>Mrs. Z. F. Griffin</i>	-	-	-	142
Miss Ella M. Butts— <i>Rev. Z. F. Griffin</i>	-	-	-	145
Quiz	-	-	-	146
Girls are Girls— <i>Mary W. Bachelor</i>	-	-	-	148
At Work in Jellasure— <i>E. E. Barnes</i>	-	-	-	149
Touring in Texas— <i>Inah G. Stout</i>	-	-	-	151
Treasurer's Notes	-	-	-	153
General Subscription Agent's Notes	-	-	-	155
Helps for Monthly Meetings	-	-	-	156
Juniors	-	-	-	157
Receipts for March 1917	-	-	-	159

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The Missionary Helper

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY
NELLIE WADE WHITCOMB, EDITOR

VOL. XL.

MAY 1917

No. 5

Alma Mater

The oldest university
Was not on India's strand,
Nor in the valley of the Nile,
Nor on Arabia's sand;
From time's beginning it was taught,
And still it teaches free,
Its learning mild to every child—
The school of Mother's Knee.

The oldest school to teach the law,
And teach it deeply, too,
Dividing what should not be done
And what each one should do,
Was not in Rome or Ispahan,
Nor by the Euxine sea;
It held its sway ere history's day—
The school of Mother's Knee.

The oldest seminary where
Theology was taught,
Where love to God and reverent prayer,
And the Eternal Ought,
Were deep impressed on youthful hearts
In pure sincerity,
Came to the earth with Abel's birth—
The school of Mother's Knee.

The oldest—and the newest, too—
It still maintains its place,
And from its classes, ever full,
It graduates the race;
Without its teaching where would all
The best of living be?
'Twas planned by Heaven this earth to leaven—
The school of Mother's Knee.

—PRISCILLA LEONARD, in *The Youth's Companion*.

Motto: Faith and Works Win.

Colors: Blue and Gold.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

Thank Offering month and Light Bearers' Number—how they suggest ideas that are like torches in the night! Never before in the lives of any of us were our prayers and gifts so essential. Wherever offerings are brought to the altar with petitions—as always—for the needs which they help supply; wherever the little blue boxes of the children are emptied of their precious contents for brown babies in India; wherever a loving sacrifice is made for the sake of suffering humanity, there the burden of the anguished world is, in a measure, being lightened; and, oh, the blessed privilege of being a lifter and a light bearer! Mrs. Hartley's plea for loyalty is timely. It is quite as much a duty to save the lives of our children in India as those of the children of Belgium and Armenia, for whom we are inevitably suffering and giving; who seem like our children, too, in their piteous helplessness. "These things ought ye to have done"—*also*. Did not some one say that the word "mite" should no longer be kept in our vocabulary? Unless, of course, it has the proportionate significance of the widow's mite. Then it may well be called "might." Many of our own workers have, of necessity, given small amounts which were, in fact, large gifts, glorified by their spirit and their prayers. If all of us were equally generous there would not be so few missionaries in our India field that each must be greatly overworked; there would be no need of such retrenchment that no more children can be taken into Sinclair Orphanage and some must be sent away; there would not be calls for some one to tell the story of salvation and no one to send; there would not be this great demand at Storer, growing more insistent each year, for a Domestic Science Building. Two joyous lives of deprivation and sacrifice made Sinclair Orphanage possible. Their story is stimulating—worth reading again and again, although few are called to imitate it. We give thanks, this month, for fellow-workers by whom we have all been influenced; whose lives are forever impressed upon the work we love, even if their names should sometime be forgotten. And now we reverently add to the list our dear Miss Butts who more than most, gave herself unsparingly. Pray for her native workers, for Santipore Station, for all of her brown people—the children of her heart—so bereft. Haven't our contributors made a delightful magazine? We welcome among them the brilliant President of our united work, Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery, and cordially respond to her happy greeting. Miss MacLaurin's friendly letter answers a question often asked. Mrs. Griffin gives us a new picture of Miss Crawford, who mothered two hundred girls so wonderfully. And do not Miss Coe and Dr. Mary make us feel

that any work for our girls is infinitely worth while? (Perhaps they will allow us to say "our," too, if we do it humbly and from afar!) Sase is one of the older girls, recently married, and baby Maream is that fastidious little lady whose story was told in the December HELPER. Miss Fenner and Miss Coe scatter sunshine, even in Florida; and Mrs. Stout, touring—one is inclined to say *adventuring*—in Texas, leaves blessings behind her. Rev. J. J. Tatum writes, "We are certainly under lasting obligations to the society for sending Mrs. Stout to work among us." Our Treasurer tells of causes for thanksgiving in the beautiful memorial gift of Dea. Paige, and the generous bequest of Mrs. Elizabeth O. Hines of Meredith, N. H. Quaint little Sao Teh reminds us that the value of every gift is great when it is given "Because I love you;" and "A Life of Service" makes us long to be more because she was so much.Mrs. Burkholder and Dr. and Mrs. Kennan arrived safely in San Francisco, April 2d Doxology!Annual Meeting at Ocean Park, Maine, August 2. Write it on your memory tablets and plan to be there.Our Sadie Gowen has written a charming introduction of a charming young woman, missionary-elect to Balasore, India, which will appear in June. Mrs. Linda V. Jordan, President of our Maine W. M. S., has a very fine article, in *Zion's Advocate* of April 11, on "The Woman Who Prays. How Can We Multiply Her?"Since our previous statement, contributions have been received for the HELPER Illustration Fund from the Dover, N. H., and New Hampton, N. H., auxiliaries and from Mrs. O. W. Fullam, Portland, Me. *Thank you.*The Frost family, Balasore, India, are rejoicing over the arrival of Gordon Harold, the third son, who came on December 7.Mrs. M. A. W. Bachelder attended a meeting of the Foreign Department and Finance Committee of the W. A. B. F. M. S. in Boston, April 16.The many friends of George William and Coralie Franklin Cook of Howard University would be interested in Mr. Cook's splendid article in the *Washington Star*, in reply to the question as to what attitude the colored man in the United States will take in case of war. We wish we might reprint the entire article, but can only quote one paragraph marked by Miss DeMeritte: "The colored man yields to no man in his spirit of patriotism and consecration in defense of the United States. In war Old Glory will not touch the ground because of lack of patriotism on the part of the colored standard bearer, and when from his hands she falls her folds will cover his prostrate form."A delightful report of a remarkable meeting of the Hills Home and Foreign Missionary Society, Dover, N. H., in memory of Mother Hills' birthday, is crowded out by late and unexpected matter. It was evidently better than the best!Rev. H. I. Frost writes of cold season work: "Mr. Collett has had the pleasure of seeing twelve people baptized at our Christian village of Metrapore. Five of these were from Roman Catholicism, the rest from the Christian community. The membership of the little church there will be increased by about one-third.

Greeting

From MRS. W. A. MONTGOMERY, President W. A. B. F. M. S.

In the name of the W. A. B. F. M. S., I want to extend the greeting of our great sisterhood to the Free Baptist women as they merge their own splendid missionary organization with ours. Both societies have cause to be proud of their past. Both have the inspiration of wonderful missionary pioneers, and both the encouragement of great work already securely founded in non-Christian lands. The women who have for many years loved the MISSIONARY HELPER will find that they and their missionary interests are cordially welcomed in the columns of HELPING HAND, our woman's department of our Baptist magazine, MISSIONS, of which we are also justly proud.

We were glad to include in our list of missionaries in this year's Prayer Calendar our missionaries in the Bengal-Orissa field. I have just been reading the manuscript of "Our Work in the Orient." Miss Prescott has devoted a chapter to the Bengal-Orissa field. We want our women to become familiar with your work there, and we long to have you take into the circle of your life and interests the work we have been attempting to do in other corners of the great world field.

I hope that many of you will be in Cleveland, that we may worthily celebrate the first meeting of our united societies.

With the greetings of all the National and District officers of the Society, I am, faithfully,

Your fellow servant,

HELEN BARRETT MONTGOMERY.

GLADDEST WORK IN THE WORLD

Dear Friends:—

What do you suppose is the most interesting thing I have seen in Florida this winter—orange blossoms, tourist crowds in St. Petersburg, rose colored shells on the shores of the Gulf? No, all wrong; no use in guessing, for you never could. I shall have to tell you a whole story before you can understand. It's a pitiful story—one you hate to have happen in our United States; but it has a glad ending.

There was a father who didn't care about anybody but himself, and there was a little girl wife. Then there were babies, one after another. Some of the babies died; but three lived. The first ones were very precious to the little mother, and she kept them, oh, so sweet and clean;



SASE AND MAREAM

but after awhile, strength grew less, and troubles heavier, and finally, before she was twenty-one, she just gave up and decided to slip away to the country where there aren't any burdens. Nobody but an old grandmother cared for those three babies, and they grew up like little animals, rolling in the dirt with their father's pigs. There was no one to change clothes, or wash faces, or even to notice when or how they got their food.

The neighbors all said, "How dreadful!—such a disgrace to the town!" But nobody did anything.

Bye and bye, only three years ago, one lady began to think and really care. Now comes the glad part of the story. The lady began with the older girl. She had her come to her beautiful home every day, and bathe and put on clean clothes, and learn to do housework neatly. After awhile the older girl went to live with the lady all the time, and then the little sister began to come to the house in the same way. This year, every Sunday, the brother comes to get cleaned up. And, oh, how the lady has worked for those girls—trying to teach them all the neat habits that most children learn from babyhood! Now these two are just as bright and sweet as any girls in town—busy with their school and Sunday School and Christian Endeavor. The older one is so bright and earnest a member of the Girls' Canning Club that some of her canned fruit has been sent clear to Washington to show what a Florida girl could do. A dear, thoughtful child she is, who has dreams of study and making the most of her life. Neither one is perfect yet—oh, no; but the lady is rich in having two daughters who love her dearly.

I wonder if it is too much to say that this lady's work is the most wonderful kind of work in the world, because it is most like God's. Our Indian people have an expression for bringing up a child. It is "make a manusya" (a human being). That's what our neighbor is doing. Out of little wild things, she is *making* two ambitious girls, each one growing up to fill a woman's place in this world.

I haven't time to tell you how it is costing in time and strength and anxiety, and hard work, but when I think of the little girl-mother who had to leave her babies, and what it means to have them rescued, why nothing in the whole world seems to compare in worth-whileness. That's what our Gospel means—it's saving folks and making them Men—it's what Jesus came to do; and He lets us have a share in the same kind of work, because He knows it is the most engrossing, gladdest kind in the world.

That's what it means to adopt a "brown baby" in India. Of course the money cost is only one part of "making girls;" but it is a very real share, and one that makes all the rest possible. And when we enter into the mother-longing for that child to become a real "manusya," and take the wish to the great, loving, working Partner, then we know about

being "workers together with God." Nothing has changed about that partnership, because our societies have been changing their organization a bit. The *babies* are still there, and those who want to be shareholders in them have the same chance they always have had.

The babies are growing up—some of those we have heard of a number of times. Here is the last bit of news I have of them—a quotation from Dr. Mary's letter: "Probodth (our new Balasore Pastor) came up one night and had a meeting with the girls. At the close he asked all who wanted to take Jesus into their hearts to stand up, and fifteen responded, among them Haro, Ramonie, Achama, and Buddhene. It is not a new thought. I have talked to them especially about it lately, but have never asked them to decide *now*, as Probodth did last night."

"Coming, coming, yes they are"—just the first steps for these little ones who are growing up to be real people in God's world. I almost blamed myself for taking Buddhene. Nobody wanted me to—she was too old, of too uncertain a history, too probably on the road that leads far, far down. She seemed an odd, stupid child. Dr. Mary speaks of her now very often as a most helpful, loving, thoughtful one; and then, this further step—opening her heart to Jesus! Not three years ago she was a Hindu waif on the road, with nobody in the whole world to care what became of her.

Mrs. Hartley wants me to tell something new about our girls. There isn't a single thrilling story to tell. Even the letters from Dr. Mary which I pore over from week to week only tell me that one has had a naughty spell, and one is growing fat, and another is trying specially hard in sewing or school work—just the prosy steps of becoming "manusyas."

There is nothing to tell you, except that many little girls who came to us weak and dirty, knowing nothing but bad words, and the never-ending search for food, have today good food and clean clothes; they go to school and church, they have regular household tasks, and their pretty bits of crochet or embroidery, they play and laugh and sing just like any children in our land. Every single one is loved and petted, sorrowed over or rejoiced over as mothers do with their children. The work costs. What do you think? In Florida, or India, or anywhere, is there anything in this that appeals to you? What about being a shareholder?

AMY B. COE.

Madison, Conn.

LOYALTY AND LITTLE LIGHT BEARERS

Dear Friends of the Cradle Roll:

As this, our Cradle Roll number of the *HELPER*, goes to press, a great wave of patriotism is filling all hearts, and every loyal man and woman is waiting for the opportunity to "do his bit," as our Canadian friends say. This is right. While we all sorrow that the present war seemed necessary, yet we remember with pride that our fathers fought for liberty, and are glad that their sons, and daughters, too, are ready to follow in their footsteps and lay down life itself, if need be, for the cause of freedom. But, while striving to show our love for this country of ours, let us not forget our allegiance to another King whose followers have been working for the freedom of men for nineteen hundred years and more. In this cause we have enlisted for life. Let none be deserters.

The special duty assigned to our regiment is the care of the children, at home and in our Balasore Orphanage. Each church should have a training school in which to fit the boys and girls for service in the to-morrows. The Little Light Bearers and Advanced Light Bearers are such training schools where the children learn lessons of brotherhood and unselfishness. The women of our churches are the officers who have this work in charge. If there is no such organization in your church *someone* must be a "slacker." Can it be possible that this name could fit any of our Christian women who claim to love Christ and his children?

Beside the training of our own children, we are responsible for the care of the children in Sinclair Orphanage whom we have pledged to support. So, while our hearts and minds are occupied with the great history-making events that are taking place in the world today, let us not forget the duty that lies near—close about our feet—remembering that "he which is faithful in little, is faithful also in much."

To the Superintendents I would say especially, let us not forget our June rallies. We still have in stock many of the attractive leaflets, exercises, etc., mentioned, with price list, in the May, '16, *HELPER*. Write to your Secretary for any you would like and she will make you a special price on them. Really, not much program is needed for a successful rally. Couldn't you arrange to have some of the older girls care for the little ones, and thus have an opportunity for a real heart-to-heart talk with the mothers about our Brown Babies—and the work being done for them—and how wonderfully much of it has resulted in developing strong

Christian character from what seemed almost hopeless material? Be sure to have the mite boxes brought in and opened. This can be made a very pretty part of your program. Have only very simple refreshments; nothing which shall make the occasion a burden to any one. I'm sure you'll go home feeling encouraged and with new inspiration for living, for nothing gives one greater satisfaction than work with children.

As soon as your rally is over please write at once to your Secretary and tell her all about it, especially how many members you have, how many *new* members, amount of offering, etc., etc. Praying always for God's blessing on your work, I am,

Your Cradle Roll Secretary,

LAURA E. HARTLEY.

A DEFINITE TASK

Because there has been misapprehension regarding the work of the W. M. S., and in some churches women have been urged to give up their special work and contribute only to the general treasury, we are glad to pass on the following letter from the General Field Secretary of the W. A. B. F. M. S. to Mrs. Bachelder, chairman of our Committee on Union:

My dear Mrs. Bachelder: You are quite right in your position that the Woman's Foreign Society has a definite task for which the denomination holds us responsible. The W. A. B. F. M. S. is one of the co-operating Societies of the Northern Baptist Convention and to them is given the task of evangelizing thirty millions of women and girls. We are expected, as our share of the Five Year Program, to secure the 15 per cent. each year so that at the end of the fifth year our budget will be \$650,000.00. In addition to that, as our share of the \$6,000,000 for educational and endowment purposes, we were to secure \$788,000. The Rockefeller Legacy has reduced that amount to \$488,000. If the Baptist women in our local churches do not provide for this work, no other organization will do it.

I want to say in behalf of the Field Department, that we appreciate your noble stand and will do everything in our power to help you lay upon the hearts of the women and girls their marvelous privilege and sacred responsibility of emancipating and Christianizing the future mothers, home makers, Bible women, teachers, evangelists, translators, nurses and doctors of the awakened Orient.

Anything I can do to help will be a privilege. We do so welcome and rejoice in our union of Baptists and Free Baptists. With kind personal regards, I am,

Very cordially yours,

ELLA D. MACLAURIN.

BUSY ADVANCED LIGHT BEARERS

When I became associated with the L. L. B.'s (Saco, Maine), several years ago, we promoted the six year olds at the June Rally, calling them A. L. B.'s. As we saved our birthday pennies in the Beginners' Department in S. S. there was much enthusiasm for the Little Brown Babies among the L. L. B.'s, but the A. L. B.'s were particularly noticed only on Rally Day and just a certificate of advancement soon lost its significance.

In 1914, after asking Mrs. Hartley's advice, the A. L. B.'s were organized with a superintendent and assistant. There was such a large attendance that the missionary meetings were held in the church, and those in which the children worked were conducted in different groups in the homes. A definite course was given once a month on Sunday afternoon, teaching the Baptist and Free Baptist missionaries, etc., and the work completed on Saturday, once a month, consisted of school bags and dolls dressed by older children, and scrap-books made by younger children. The boys cut pictures and, I think, earned the money to buy the dolls.

Some of this work is now being done and the missionary program meetings are held twice a month. A general invitation is given through the Primary and Junior Departments of S. S. A penny offering is taken each time and about 40 have mite boxes. The A. L. B.'s have taken a definite part in three of the regular missionary prayer meetings (held once a month), and have also had exercises in one of the Thank Offering services with the W. M. S. Just now they are preparing a little pageant, "A Japanese Day" (you will see that the original topics have widened), to be given soon.

The Superintendent tells me the Society is far from her ideal. She is handicapped in several ways, but these children are learning lessons which they will never forget.

NELLIE PECK.

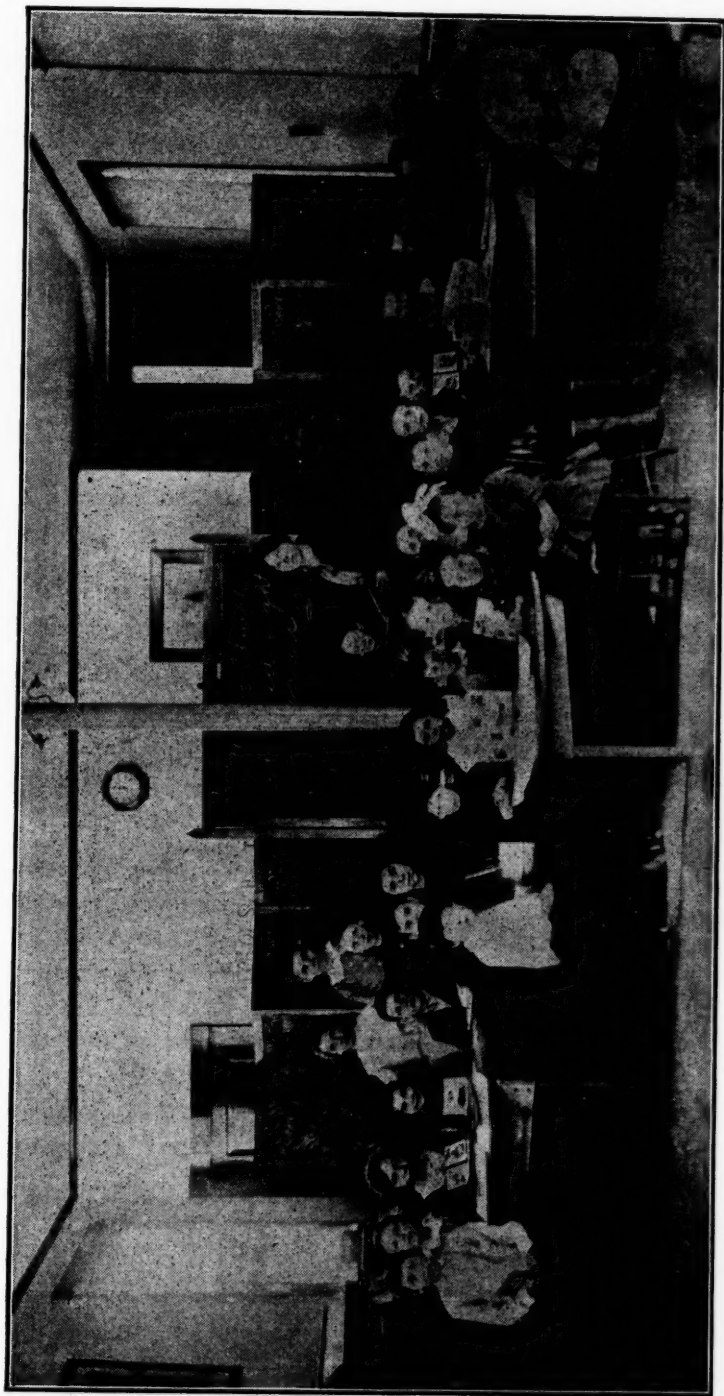
Saco, Maine

CRADLE ROLL SUPERINTENDENT'S NOTICE!

All C. R. supplies advertised in the HELPER for May, 1916, may now be obtained, for postage only, as long as they last. Order of

(Mrs.) LAURA E. HARTLEY,

7 Woodman St., Rochester, N. H.



ADVANCED LIGHT BEARERS, CUTTS AVENUE CHURCH, SACO, ME., WITH THEIR SUPERINTENDENT,
MISS SEAVY, AND ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT, MISS PECK

A TRANSFORMATION

(Miss Coe writes of three little girls who walked straight into the heart of their new "mother." Isn't such work "the gladdest work in the world," indeed?)

One Sunday morning, as I was hurrying home from Sunday School, I passed a man afflicted with elephantiasis. The leg was swollen so terribly that he could hardly walk. A little later, a strange group appeared on my veranda—three girls, between eight and four years of age, naked save for tiny strips of cloth, dirty, unkempt—a wilder looking trio I have seldom seen. The smallest one was quite emaciated, and had the big stomach of the sickly half starved child. As I glanced at them, and



SINCLAIR ORPHANGE GIRLS

Back row: Raju, Apartte. Middle row: Kusum, Garndae, Parbot.
Front row: Gladys and Sante

realized that they had come for shelter, and that I might decide to admit them, the thought flashed over me, "Will these ever come to be *my* children?"

At the foot of the steps was the elephantiasis man, and down by the gate was a poor, thin, patient-looking mother, with a lusty boy of two. The story was this: With the husband's growing infirmity, means of support in their own village vanished. The two older children got something by begging; but rice was high, and they could not get enough to eat. They had come to Balasore to go as coolies to Assam, but had been re-

fused on account of the man's infirmity. Now they were on the way home, with nothing before them but starvation.

"Would I buy the children?" "*Never!* Not my custom."

After consultation, they went wearily out of the gate. Half an hour later they were back again; the mother had consented to give up her girls. The three little waifs were delivered over into Poma's hands, frocks were produced for them, and the father and mother with the baby boy sat down to rest under a tree. Twenty minutes later, I thought I saw three of my children running out into the front compound, straight toward the old man. I went to the door, just ready to reprove for the broken rule, when I comprehended the transformation. A bath, clean frocks, hair cut, washed and oiled, and the three had become so like my own that I didn't know the difference. They had indeed, for never did children walk so straight into our hearts as they did. Garndae, energetic and loving matter-of-fact Kusum, and dear, quiet little Sante.

A UNIQUE OCCASION

Amid roses and orange blossoms in the sunny south-land of America our thoughts are in India. This little village of Limona boasts no church building. Bible school is held each Sunday in the town hall, and preaching by a visiting clergyman every other Sunday. On one of the Sundays when there was no preaching Miss Coe was asked to tell of her life in India. She did so to the delight of the people of Limona, who at once wanted more.

A Christian Endeavor Society has just been formed. To encourage and assist the missionary committee, the Misses Coe gave, in its name, a porch party. This took the form of an Indian wedding and wedding supper. The bridal party of four were draped in sari and dhuti, the groom having the customary chuddar and umbrella, the bride in veil and real orange blossoms. Miss Coe played parson and married them in Oryia with the usual double ring service and signing of register.

Following this the guests, to the number of fifty-five, sat down in rows on mats on the porch floor, the women out of sight of the men, and were served by the groom, best man and helpers, to rice and curry, keeri and spices. The feast was eaten with the fingers, after the hands had been properly bathed, Indian fashion. It was great fun. Everyone

entered into it heartily and pronounced it a unique occasion. The parlors were given up to an exhibit of India souvenirs and pictures.

On Sunday afternoon the first monthly missionary meeting of the C. E. resolved itself into a costume presentation of the visit of the Missionary and Bible woman to an India zenana. Miss Coe was the missionary, I was Maream, our Bible woman, and six of the girls were mother-in-law, bos, and baby. It preached a little sermon all its own and interested many.

LENA S. FENNER.

Limona, Florida, March 22.

A GREAT EXECUTIVE, MISS LAVINA CRAWFORD

II.

By MRS. Z. F. GRIFFIN.

Miss Crawford established outside schools in villages round about Jellasure, sending to each, as teacher, one girl, who had completed the work of her school, and a reliable Christian woman as an attendant and a helper in the work. The schools were from one to four miles distant and Miss Crawford kept in close touch with them by often visiting one or more on a Saturday morning. This meant a walk of from two to six or eight miles besides examining the schools, talking with the people who gathered about when she came, and talking with the children, too, of Christ. What wonder that she was often "very tired."

I had been in India two years, perhaps, and could talk and understand, when a brave, pitiful letter came to Dr. Bachelor from Miss Crawford. A severe epidemic of colds and coughs was in the school and about fifty were ill. In some it developed into what seemed to be pneumonia. Two had died and several were very ill. Besides, a cobra had bitten a bright little one and it had quickly died. Would he come and save the lives of her precious girls? Quickly he went, taking me with him for Miss Crawford must not be longer alone in such a crisis. He stayed two or three days and nights and no more of the children died. But I remained four never-to-be-forgotten weeks. I stayed all day in the school and taught the things that I could teach and took what I could of the work and care. Miss Crawford was very exhausted and grieved much for her children gone. Yet I can see her now, in the night, as she gave the medicine to the very ill ones and gave them, too, only words of

love. Then she would hear a hoarse cough in the big room where a crowd slept and would hasten there, rouse the coughing ones and give the medicine. Perhaps a tiny one would cough and cry and she would step over rows of sleeping children, quickly sit on the floor beside the little one, gather it into her arms, sway her tall tired body back and forth, and sing lowly to the child, or say, in Oriya, "Mama loves her baby, Mama is so sorry baby is ill. The good Doctor gave the medicine and baby will be well. Go to sleep—sleep—sleep." Oh, the tired white mothers that rock and love their own sick white babies night after night! But my loved photograph is of a white mother in a black land living for twenty years alone with the dark people, loving and cuddling those little ones, forgetting to sleep, remembering that God had given these to her to keep, body and soul. And as I saw the tall form swaying back and forth and heard the loving words that hushed the cries of pain, I knew that there is no grace comparable with the grace of God and no beauty like the beauty of holiness.

One more story I must tell. Later still I was going through Jellapore and stopped for a day. A vacation for Miss Crawford was imperative, and some Calcutta missionaries had invited her to come to them and rest. A missionary would care for her work in her absence. Soon she said to me, "I have decided to get that Question Book printed myself." Our New York Dr. G. H. Ball had written a small book of Bible Questions and Answers. A copy was sent her. She translated it into Oriya and appealed to the Board at home for money to print it. The Board "could not increase its appropriation for the work." She said the book would not only be invaluable in mission schools and Sunday schools but it would also greatly help Hindus to understand the Christian religion. The book was translated, it must be printed. If the money could not be gotten at home she should give it.

Earnestly I protested. I said, "Forgive me, but you need every bit of that money yourself. Your one best dress is not decent to wear in Calcutta. It is old, patched, and old fashioned. Do get one good dress as soon as you get to Calcutta." "Libbie, dear," she said, "the friends to whom I go will care for me not for my clothes. And if others do not care for me why should they care what I wear. The book is a necessity for Christ's sake. The dress will hang on for a time yet." "But," I said, "you do not feed yourself properly. You have the same boiled rice and

simple curries all the time. Get some food supplies in Calcutta and have a change sometimes to keep up your appetite." She said, "I try to have nourishing food. I cannot afford more." I said, "Another thing, Miss Crawford, you must think of your future. You have not one cent ahead. You have no husband, children or near relatives to care for you. When you break down or get too old to work what will you do?" Then tears came to her eyes, and rolled for a moment down her cheeks, but light shined through as she answered, "Libbie, I have asked God to let me die sometime quickly, right here, and I believe that He will and there will be no expense to anyone."

Later, after I had come home to America very ill, word came that one day a messenger walked to Balasore to get Dr. Nellie Phillips to come to Jellasure quickly, for Miss Crawford was ill and could not speak. Missionaries reached her the next day. She roused but once and that for a moment and soon fell asleep.

Packing boxes were found in the storeroom, saved, no doubt, for her coffin, and white muslin to cover it lay in a drawer. Years before, when I could not get her to buy a dress, I wrote to some of her friends at home and they sent her a good black silk dress. She had enjoyed it a few years and now dressed in that gift of loved ones she lay sleeping in the white covered casket. Flowers brought by her sobbing, heart-broken children, filled the dear hands and covered the casket.

Her own children, pitifully orphaned now, and the missionaries and the Christians were the mourners, and a crowd of Hindu and Moham-medan friends gathered at the funeral. She was "our Miss Crawford" to all the country round about. It seemed as though the work must have her still.

But I, in the home land, felt that God had known that it was enough and had lovingly taken her to Himself, and there, too, had been "no expense to anyone." Think what Heaven must have been then, and still is, to our Miss Crawford.

Keuka Park, N. Y.

One has said "the greatest thing in this world is a human life, and the greatest work in the world is a helpful touch on that life." If this is true, and I believe you will agree that it is, womanhood has been given the greatest work, for the mother has the first and widest opportunity to place that helpful touch on the little child entrusted to her arms.—*Selected.*

MISS ELLA M. BUTTS

"She humbly seeks from day to day
Her Master's cross to share,
And proves her right, by sacrifice,
His priestly Name to bear.
Thus multitudes about her way
Rise up and call her blest,
And pour their homage at her feet,
In simplest phrases drest.

"I know not what of beauty's guise
In Paradise she'll wear;
I only know she'll find prepared
A crown of glory there;
And that her life, which overflows
With love to fellow man,
Adorns the title that she bears
Of 'Good Samaritan'."

Our dear Miss Butts was coming home this spring, but she took the shorter journey Home. Mrs. Griffin writes, "It is pitifully sad. The native people at Santipore will bitterly mourn." We have no particulars, but just as we go to press the following tribute is received from Rev. Mr. Griffin. How fitting that the latest picture of Miss Butts—in January HELPER—should show her distributing rice to the poor. She gave *herself*, with her gifts, always and lavishly.—Editor.

Dear HELPER:—You will get full particulars from missionaries on the field of the sickness and death of Miss Ella Butts, but I wish to offer a word of testimony to her character and devotion. She lived with us during the last year of our stay in India. I can truly say that for self-denying devotion to the cause she went to India to help promote, I have never seen any missionary who surpassed her. Sometimes we questioned the wisdom of some of the sacrifices she made, feeling that they would tell on her vitality in the end, and which no doubt proved to be the case. But she was urged on by the zeal she had for the extension of the kingdom of Christ and her genuine interest in the people she came to uplift. Some one will, no doubt, write a sketch of her life and her work, but I felt that I wanted to say this much at once.

Sincerely yours,

Z. F. GRIFFIN.

Keuka Park, N. Y.

A LIFE OF SERVICE

(Letter from Dr. Shirley Smith Thomson)

My dear Mrs. Whitcomb:—

By the last India mail I received a letter from Dr. Mary, telling of the grave illness of Miss Butts, and also a card from my husband, written at the last moment, telling me that our dear Miss Butts died March 1st and was laid in the Scotch Cemetery in Calcutta on the 2nd. Some

think if she had come home last year, when her furlough was due, her life might have been spared longer. However, I believe the end has come as Miss Butts would have had it—in the activity of her service—for she was acutely ill only a week.

I wonder if her friends here really appreciated her. I can scarcely think of a life of greater self sacrifice and service for others. Poverty and suffering always appealed to her, and no one in need was ever turned away without help, whether they deserved it or not. She worked early and late and we often wondered at her endurance, for she was up at daylight and often did not sleep until midnight, with no rest in the middle of the day. How many could tell of her tender care in illness, when she cooked their food with her own hands and carried it to them. She had nothing too good to give to others and often her own scanty wardrobe was depleted to clothe some unfortunate woman.

She was a great lover of flowers, and her plants always responded to her loving care in being wonders of beauty and luxuriance. She tended them as carefully as if they were children. It was the one thing in which she ever gratified her personal desires.

In her long service of 31 years she had taken only one holiday in the Hills. On one other occasion she was there for a short time, but only to care for some other missionary who was ill. She gave so freely of her money that she seldom had any left with which to take a holiday.

Yours sincerely,

SHIRLEY H. THOMSON.

Hillsdale, Mich., April 16, 1917.

QUIZ

What does the present crisis demand?

Some national causes for thanksgiving—what are they?

Who were charming advocates?

How were some economic problems solved?

Who was Sukha Nayah?

Who has special influence and privilege in India?

Who can tell the beautiful story of a humble heroine?

What is the gist of a home mission note?

Who was a great executive?

What was her day's work?

How many girls did she mother?

How far away was the nearest doctor?

How did she spend the noon hour?

Where can we always find the addresses of District Treasurers?

What must be carefully stated?

Where should money for home missions, contingent fund and Thank Offerings still be sent?

What has proven a great blessing?

How many churches in Texas did Mrs. Stout visit? How many societies did she organize?

What is one great joy of a life?

With what watchword did our mothers start the W. M. S.?

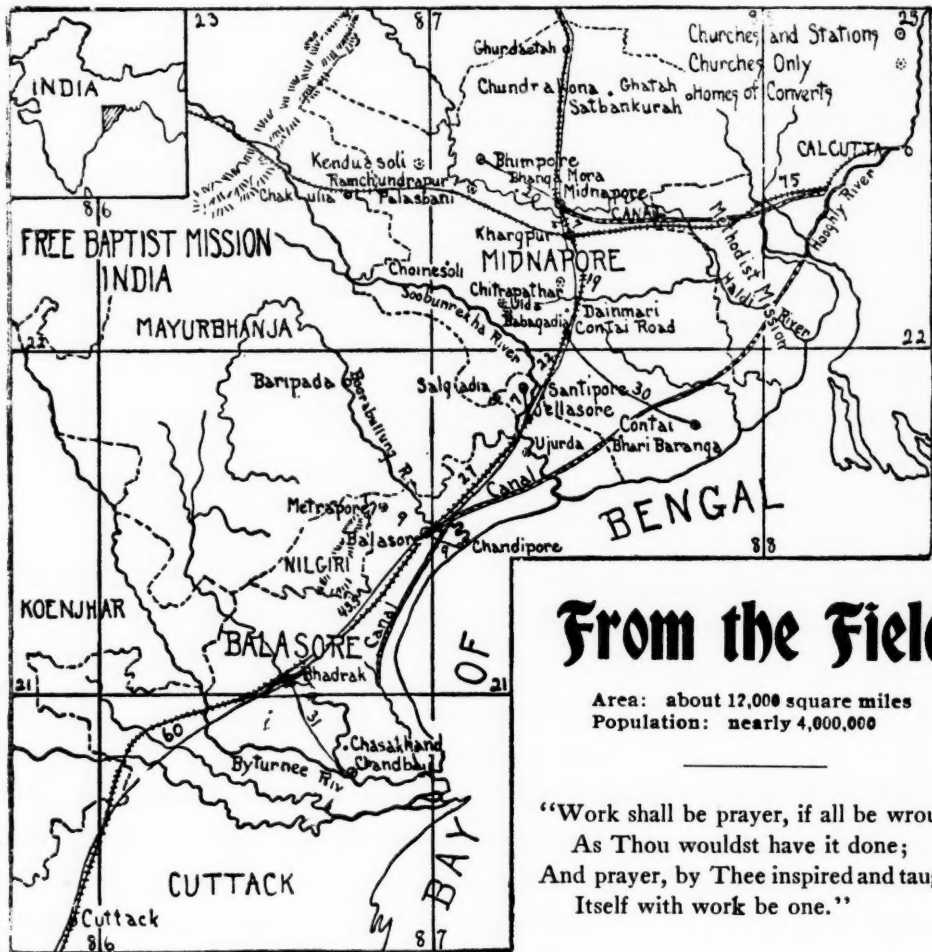
What is the best thanksgiving?

Who made the largest contribution in February?

For what do "We Give Thanks?"

(Answers may be found in the April HELPER.)

RECEIVED—"An African Trail," by Jean Kenyan MacKenzie. 248 pages, 16 illustrations. Inter-denominational study book for 1917-1918. It has been truly said, "There is no book like it." It carries the reader through vivid scenes in the Camerun country. Price: paper, 30c.; cloth 50c. Postage additional. . . . "African Adventurers," by the same author. A unique and delightful book for Juniors. Older readers will equally enjoy these vivid stories of the jungle. Prices, the same as foregoing. Order both of Miss M. H. Leavis, agent, West Medford, Mass. . . . "Annual Report of the Missionary Education Movement." A notable record of things done, with an inspirational glimpse of things planned. The chief adult text-books for 1917-18 are, "The Lure of Africa" and "A Study of the Italian in America." The coming days call emphatically for trained leadership. To help in meeting this demand the Missionary Educational Movement asks continued co-operation and prayerful and financial support. It is doing a work that it is a privilege to assist.



“GIRLS ARE GIRLS”

Dear Mrs. Whitcomb:—

No one who has not lived in an orphanage can quite appreciate “Dear Enemy” in all its details! Girls are girls, both here and at home. I sometimes think they are somewhat more so here at Sinclair Orphanage.

Have I told you about Haro, our “Sadie Kate”? We seem likely to lose her as our prize naughty child. Two weeks ago, after an impressive talk, when the pastor asked those to stand who wanted to be “rich with Jesus’ riches,” as he put it, about 15 rose, and to my astonishment Haro was among the number! She has been *good* ever since, and

Haro, nervous, fidgety, mischievous Haro *good* is a delightful child. Oh, if it will only last! Another child, whose younger sister stood up that night, came to me early one morning, before sunrise, evidently under conviction. She made her little confession and wanted me to pray with her. Her own little prayer was touchingly practical and to the point. Last night, when I supposed all were settled for the night, she came in with a bright, happy face and wanted me to pray with her again. In her prayer she spoke of being very happy yesterday. She is a sweet, dear child, Kheroda Mishra.

I have just started in on a plan for the girls' evening study class which I have had in mind for a long time. I have taken the First, Second and Third standard children from the common study room and given each into the hands of an older girl to tutor for an hour, having them go over as nearly as possible all the lessons for the following day. Bepina has the First standard (dear lady, don't laugh! It is not a joke, but an experiment), Jamini the Second, and Josmoni the Third. When lessons are finished the children do drill a little while, and then run to the house, laughing and in merry spirits. Parents in this country who care specially to have their children get on in school, always tutor them, or have them tutored. Kenari has evening study hour, but with 30 or more children in six standards she can't do much. She now has only the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Standards, older girls who ought to be able to study their lessons without much supervision. Josmoni does *finely*, Jamini pretty well, too. Bepina hasn't got the hang of it yet. She would be much more at home if it were more fun and less work. Last night the First and Second Standards did their drill together, but they were too many and too noisy. They will do it better separate. These three classes come to the house, one in my room, and the other two in the adjoining room. Each group has a separate light (which with kerosene so high is plainly an added expense! Sorry, but how could they be tutored properly with one light?)

Miss Coombs has left us. We miss her. It was nice to have her here.

With love,

MARY W. BACHELER.

Balasore, India

AT WORK IN JELLASORE

(Letter from the Children's Missionary)

My dear Friends:—

I have been so busy and happy in the work this cold season. I was

out on two touring trips in January and hope to go once or twice more. Just now a preaching band of men workers are here, with Pastor Natabar Sing as their leader. Every morning they come to my part of the mission house and have service, at the time I always have prayers, and we have enjoyed the violin, cymbals and drum with the hymns, I assure you. We have had Bible pictures each morning, and the story read and explained, and other people, nearby, have come in to listen. They have had the magic lantern service once, and will have it in a village not far away this evening. Miss Dawson and I had it at the same place several years ago. I'm so glad they have the lantern. It is a splendid help in getting the people to hear the life of Christ.

During the past year the work at Jellasore has been going on earnestly and has certainly been interesting. The church has a new pastor, a young man, Maguni Sahu, who is earnest and spiritual and desirous for the *best* for all in the community. There are about 52 in the Christian village. We have had three baptisms from Hinduism and one girl of Christian parents and there are more enquirers. One young man who was a great opium user came and said he wished to become a Christian. He was told we could not receive him while he used opium. Last night he told me that he does not use any now. Although he has not been baptized, he counts himself a Christian and is trying to get his wife and child.

The church voted ten rupees for evangelistic work, besides giving regularly towards the pastor's salary and something each month for Home Mission work. The pastor is also teacher of English in the day school and during vacation is touring with our party. We have bazaar preaching in Jellasore and distribute tracts, at the railway station, in four languages: Oriya, Bengali, Hindi and English. Our Christian Endeavor Society sometimes helps in this work on Saturday afternoons.

We are just opening a book room near the railway station, hoping that the educated native men who live near will take advantage of the reading of good books and papers. The Day School, in part of the mission house, with Hindu and Christian pupils, has four teachers, two Hindu and two Christian. Daily Christian instruction is given. The primary girls' school has a Government grant. It is held in the old church and has Hindu, Christian, and Santal pupils.

I have three zenana teachers and three Bible women. They and

their work are my special care and, as always, it is very interesting. Widows and married girls and women are taught in their homes to read, write, etc., by the zenana teachers. They also learn Bible stories, verses and hymns. One widow would like to become a Christian now, if it were not for the fear of *caste* and her mother-in-law. The Bible women do faithful work. Two, Pooni and Golap, are nearly supported by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and one by Grandma Phillips' money. She called Gera her "substitute." They sell gospels and other books when they can. We go to the weekly market, taking Bible pictures, tell the stories and sing and explain and give tracts to the crowd that gathers around us. Recently some people were there who did not know me and evidently did not think of me as a foreign person. I was speaking and singing in Oriya. My Bible woman overheard them talking about me. They said, "She is so white, she must have the white leprosy!" But the Bible woman told them that I was "Belati loke" and was *born* with a white skin.

I am thankful every day for the privilege of giving the gospel message to these people. Pray that it may bear fruit.

Your Missionary,

EMILIE E. BARNES.

Jellasore, Balasore District, India, February 10, 1917.

TOURING IN TEXAS

From the warm planting-time and springing green of Texas to the twenty-foot drifts and twenty-six inches on the level of snow in Minnesota, *is a change*. However, after ten weeks away, we are at home and all adjusted now and ready to tell you about it.

First, after three days and nights on, or waiting for, late, late trains, was the welcome into the home of Rev. and Mrs. Jameson at Tatum. And that night at the church, with three year old Charles, to enjoy the wonderful Holly Christmas tree, and the cheer that took in even the stranger. Sunday morning through great pine forests to Stewart Chapel and Crystal Farms School House to meet the appointments of Pastor Jameson who had been called to attend a funeral miles in the opposite direction. Kindly and responsive audiences greeted the sweet old story of that First Christmas. Christmas day was spent with Mrs. Stewart and Eva in their home at Carthage. (The late Rev. A. M. Stewart was

at one time pastor of the Champlin, Minn., church.) This day with old friends helped to keep at bay that homesick feeling that comes with Christmas spent away from home-ones.

If only we *could* tell you *all* about the visit to each church! What delightful appreciative people were found at Bro. Jameson's churches! There was the first Auxiliary organized at Stewart Chapel. Then the good meeting at Campbell Hill, where the men working on the road and telephone line quit work and attended the service; the conference at Tatum; that splendid meeting at Center Point, with that newly organized and only F. B. Mission Band in Texas, with thirty members and the two progressive young women teachers of the public school backing it; and Dirgin, with a new Auxiliary of young enthusiastic, capable women. Then a day at Clayton (which is one of Bro. Harper's churches.) We began the New Year at the home of Deacon Tommy Ross, and we felt that if the year could daily give us to know such new friends as Bro. and Sister Ross, it would indeed be a wonderful year. Rain interfered somewhat with the attendance, but we found a live Auxiliary organized by Rev. Jameson in 1914. The pastor's wife, Mrs. Harper, is being very helpful to this Auxiliary.

Jan. 4th, it was "over the hills and through the forests" with Bro. Jameson to Dunn's Chapel, of which Rev. D. A. Jimmerson is pastor. We found a kindly hearing and a new Auxiliary was formed. Saturday morning a start was made on that memorable trip to the Mount Union Church which is thirty-five miles from other F. B. Churches. The pastor, Rev. T. W. Smith, went across country horse-back. The worker went around, via buggy, train and mule team, fifty-six miles. When returning we reached Henderson the following Monday afternoon, and remembered the wagon accident, two train wrecks and a five mile walk, the thought of Paul would come and, Pollyanna-like, we were glad, glad, glad that at least "imprisonments and scourgings" had not yet been ours, and that the wrecks were on land since we can't swim. However, at Mt. Union we found a kindly people and left a new Auxiliary. Then, after all the difficulties of that trip, came the pleasure of meeting again Rev. and Mrs. Harper, formerly of Mayville, Mich. Two new Auxiliaries gladdened that day, at New Hope and Good Hope, both charges of Rev. Harper. Tuesday morning came the privilege of putting three courses of shingles on the porch of the only F. B. parsonage in Texas, a new

one just being completed under the work and encouragement of Bro. Harper, at Good Hope. That afternoon Rev. and Mrs. Harper, Miss Minnie Jimmerson and the writer started on a two hundred mile trip, via the "Ford Rout", to attend the State Association. What fun it was to camp by a roadside fire for supper and breakfast, Jan. 9th. We sighed a sigh of sympathy for the ones in snow covered places.

Inah Gates Stout

(To be concluded)

TREASURER'S NOTES

Where shall we begin with the month's gratitudes? As we call these to mind we realize our personal gratitude is necessarily shorn of much of its natural exuberance by our keen realization of the gravity of the national situation.

Turning to our occasions for thankfulness,—first: Under date of April 2, 1917, word comes from our President, Mrs. Durgin, that her sister, Mrs. Julia Phillips Burkholder, and Dr. and Mrs. Kennan have landed safely in San Francisco. We already know that before leaving Bengal-Orissa, Mrs. Burkholder passed over our Woman's Missionary Society zenana and Bible woman work, at Midnapore, of which she was in charge, to Mrs. Ida Holder, her niece, and Miss Ruth Daniels.

Second,—Miss Sadie Gowen, recently returned from Balasore, again back in New England! Part, and only part, please remember, of the necessary resting process having been accomplished! A word to the wise.

Third,—*reminder* of a loyal promoted W. M. S. comrade, in form of part payment (\$3,000.00) of her residuary bequest to our society. This latter, and other happenings, are frequently showing us "that the consecrated lives and careful business methods of our predecessors bear fruit."

Fourth,—this month's well sustained work, in point of contributions and all-round provision for our W. M. S. work.

In September a generous anonymous gift for support of orphan in India was credited to Dover, N. H., this being the postmark on the envelope. We have since learned in an indirect way, that the "interested friend" is living in Massachusetts, rather than New Hampshire, and so to Pittsfield, Mass., we are now crediting this contribution.

In forwarding gift, Mrs. Williams of Jackson, N. H., tells us that it is part of the money found in her eleven year old son's pocket after his

death, and she adds she wishes it "to help some little fellow in India." "May God's blessing go with it." This recalls the sad and sudden passing on of Rev. Mr. Williams, the husband and father, with the son, in an auto accident occasioned by a blinding snow storm, causing an approaching train to be unapprehended.

The fitting form of memorial which Deacon Paige of Franklin, N. H., has chosen for his wife, in his gift of \$500.00, is simply making permanent and tangible expression of the interest which Mrs. Paige has so loyally and lovingly shown through all the years. Mrs. Paige's service, not only to our society but to any cause in which she was interested, was always rendered unsparingly in the giving of self, and generously in its material expression. "Her works do follow her."

An Iowa friend writes: "Oh, I wish I could give more! When I read of Dr. Mary's feeding the (Sinclair Orphanage) children, it makes my heart ache, but I send my smaller-than-I-desire gift, praying that the Father will multiply it, as He did the loaves and fishes."

The first of May marks the completion of the *union* of our F. B. W. M. Society with the W. A. B. F. M. Society, which means that from this date, all foreign mission W. M. S. contributions from church, auxiliary, women's circles, young people's society, or S. S. (with the exception of the State of Texas), will go forward directly to the Woman's American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society District Treasurers, whose names and addresses are given on the third page of the HELPER cover.

If there is any lack of understanding with reference to the matter, our F. B. W. M. S. State Treasurers will have full knowledge of "the how" of procedure, and may be called upon for explanations, likewise our State Presidents, or any of our national officers.

Shall we not each make it in our way to be fully informed with reference to the *continuing work* of our Society, and the manner of conveyance of gifts for its support, that no iota of responsibility may slip from our shoulders?

Friends, as we enter *Union*, let us understand "we are expected to have our special work, and work for the same field"—Bengal-Orissa; while, at the same time, union will be illustrated in larger terms by the interchange of objects of support, between Baptist and Free Baptist Women's Societies, in the giving out of apportionments. *Mutual* interests, *mutual* responsibilities!

We are no longer arriving in union of the *foreign* work; we have arrived. However, until further notice, all contributions for Storer College, or other Home Mission work of the F. B. W. M. S., for the Contingent Fund and Thank Offering, should be sent to this office.

Faithfully yours,

EDYTH R. PORTER.

47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.

GENERAL SUBSCRIPTION AGENT'S NOTES

I wish that every one who reads this, and all her friends, could be present at the annual meeting of the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society on August 2d at Ocean Park. Plans for the details of the program for the day are not perfected as yet, but there will be the usual morning prayer service at nine A. M., the annual business meeting of the Society at ten A. M., with reports from the various fields in which it has working representatives, and at noon we shall all lunch together under the auspices of the Saco auxiliary. We remember in these days of the high cost of living that delicious repast the Biddeford ladies served us last year, and those who know assure me we have good reason to expect just as good service from our Saco friends.

In the afternoon and evening will be meetings of special Free Baptist mission interests. One of these sessions will be devoted to a presentation of our Foreign work, and the other to our Home work. Missionaries who have done active service in India and teachers from Storer will be with us. The entire day will be full of matters of vital significance to Free Baptists, and Free Baptist interests.

We want it to be a red letter day for the HELPER, and all the HELPER exists to further. It will be if every one of our constituents does her part.

Cordially,

A. M. MOSHER.

107 Howland St., Boston, Mass.

Youth is a terrible force—it has all to learn, but it is youth, the most beautiful and hopeful thing in life. And it is the thing upon which the full development of life for a woman depends. She must have it always by her side if she is to know her own full meaning in the scheme of things.—*Ida M. Tarbell.*

Helps for Monthly Meetings

"In all effort for missions, education is the essential foundation upon which is built Christian character that expresses itself in prayer, gifts and service."

Topics for 1916-17

September—	Fellowship Meeting.
October—	War and the Kingdom.
November—	Home Missions.
December—	Christian Conquest of Europe: East.
January—	Christian Conquest of Europe: West
February—	Prayer and Praise.
March—	The Protestant Epoch of Christian Conquest.
April—	Heroism in Christian Conquest.
May—	Thank Offering.
June—	Peace and the Kingdom.
July—	Field Day.

JUNE—PEACE AND THE KINGDOM.

Peace has its banners and its bugle calls,
And Truth and Justice their great
battle cries.

Greed is entrenched within his bastioned
walls,

Where helpless Honor bound and
bleeding dies.

The social lies still leer on every side,
Herod still mocks where Christ was
crucified.

Listen! Today, as in the days of yore,
The clarion call of Duty, peal on peal.
Rally! Form ranks! The foe lies just
before.

Unfurl the banners! Bare the shin-
ing steel!

Charge as your fathers charged and
prove your claim

To share their honors and to bear their
name.

—Dr. Edward J. Wheeler.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM.

OPENING HYMN.—"Jesus Calls Us," (*Missionary Hymnal*, page 109).

SCRIPTURE LESSON.—Bible verses on Peace, in response to roll call.
(See "How to Use," page 45.)

PRAYER.—(Refer to "Scripture Readings and Prayers," page 15. "Out
of the noise and strife of the warring world," etc.)

HELPER QUIZ.

HYMN.—"The Church's One Foundation," stanzas 1 and 4. (*Hymnal*,
page 18.)

CHART.—Write at the top of the blackboard, "Foundations of Peace, and
Its Cornerstone." Beneath that, Ephesians 2:19-22. Rule the
space below in seven horizontal parts, and beginning with the *lowest*
part, label as follows:

I. The Chief Cornerstone: The Prince of Peace. Advised the
Use of the Golden Rule in Building.

- II. The Foundation of the Apostles and Prophets. Eph. 2:20.
- III. Medieval Peace Movements.
- IV. Later Exponents.
- V. Rise of Quakerism.
- VI. Nineteenth Century Peace Movements.
- VII. Twentieth Century Peace Movements.

Beginning at the bottom, trace back to the "root" of Peace, different members giving the gist of each topic in a few words. (Suggested by "Maid In America.")

Repeat Scripture Text at top in concert.

RESUME.—The Missionary Enterprise. The Call to Christian Women. Unity the New Hope.

READING.—"Conclusion" (page 260).

BRIEF DISCUSSION.—How can Christian women—how can *we* work for world peace? Some one has said, "Think peace; pray for peace; 'seek peace and pursue it'." Is this in any degree incompatible with our present duty to our country? "Efforts to secure *world peace* will naturally issue in greater zeal for *world missions*." Let us paraphrase the old saying and in time of war prepare for peace!

READ II. Corinthians 5:14, 15, followed by prayer.

SINGING.—"Our Country's Voice is Pleading." (*Hymnal*, page 94.)

NOTE.—A very interesting exercise for this meeting would be the making of a world flag, as suggested in April HELPER, page 127.

Juniors

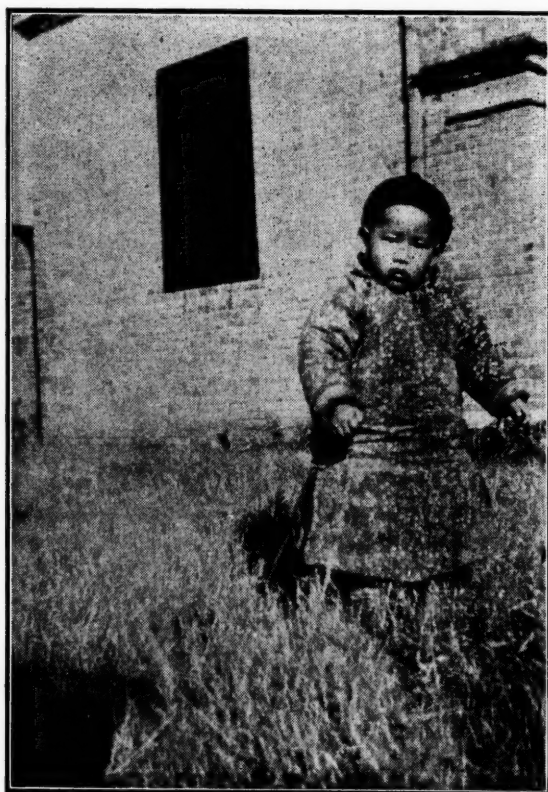


A GIFT OF LOVE

This is the picture of little Sao Teh, a lassie living in Wuchang, China, who dearly loves someone whom lots of people in this country love—Mrs. Florence Rich Jordan. That makes us feel acquainted with her right away, doesn't it?

Mrs. Jordan wrote to her home friends, "At Christmas time the women of the school gave me a silver pin made in the shape of the Chinese character for 'Happiness'. Then Mrs. Yu, the mother of Sao Teh, my little pet and special friend, presented me with a pin in the shape of the character for 'Love' which is pronounced 'nagai'. I enjoy the gift and especially appreciate it because Mrs. Yu came bringing Sao

Teh who handed me the package while her mother explained that it was given 'because Sao Teh *nagais* you.' Like all Chinese pins it fastens left handed.



SAO TEH

ROLL OF HONOR

(Shares in the salary of the Children's Missionary, Miss E. E. Barnes, at \$4.00 a Share.)

MAINE			
	Shares		
Bangor, Essex St, Kind Dpt	1	Saco, Cutts Ave Jr Dept S S	2
Bangor, Essex St, S S Class of		W Bowdoin Aux	1
Miss Pierce	1	W Falmouth	1
Biddeford, Jefferson St S S	2	N H	
Bridgewater S S	5	Dover, Jr and Int Dpt S S	1
Lewiston, Main St F B Pri Dpt	2	Farmington Aux	1
Ocean Park, Mrs N W Whitcomb	1	New Hampton Aux	1
		Pittsfield, Juniors	1
		Rochester, Ruth and Alice Hartley	1

Somersworth, S S	1	OHIO	
VERMONT		Sugar Run S S	1
Montpelier, Ellen F, Dorothy M and Gerald C Pease	3	WEST VIRGINIA	
MASS		Harper's Ferry C E	2
Haverhill, Deacon Page's Girls	1	MICH	
Melrose Highlands, Green St Bapt Girls' Mission Circle	1	Kingston Aux	1
Somerville, Randall Memorial S S	1	Paw Paw, Mrs L Jennings Barton	1
RHODE ISLAND		Sparta Aux	2
Greenville, Pri Dpt	1	West Cambria Mission Band	4
Olneyville, Plainfield St Jr and Kindergarten Dpts	1	MINN	
Pascoag C R	2	Blue Earth S S	1
Providence, Roger Williams' S S	4	Madelia Bapt S S	1
NEW YORK		Winnebago, F B Primary Dpt	1
Buffalo Valley Aux and C R	2	KANSAS	
		Jamestown, Summit F B W M S, C R	1
		Valley Springs Mission Band	1

Contributions

"Money speaks all languages, there is no limit to the geographical range of its influence."

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Receipts for March, 1917

F. B. W. M. S. contributors should carefully designate how their money should be used, whether for Home Missions, Foreign Missions, or the Contingent Fund, remembering that the latter will be used by the Society where it is most needed.

MAINE

Auburn Aux for Malika	\$15 00	Aux for Miss Coombs 15.00; Miss Sawyer's Class for Hemma 6.25 . . .	86 25
Augusta Aux, F M 1 00; "where most needed" 17.00	18 00	Steep Falls Aux, Hindu Boys' School . .	6 25
E Dixfield United Bapt Ch for W M S . .	1 00	Topsham Aux, Miss Coombs 10 00; F M 10.00; Storer 5.00	25 00
Lewiston, Main St Aux, Miss Coombs 50.00; Prim'y Dpt S S, sal'y Miss A Porter 10.00; Secondary Dpt S S, Do 15.00	75 00	Waterville, Getchell St F B Ch	6 10
Houlton Ch, A Friend for Higher Educa- tion Girls in India	10 00	W Bowdoin Aux, dues	8 00
Litchfield Plains Aux, Storer 3.08; Miss Coombs 3 97	6 15	Maine Total	\$271 48
Mapleton, S S 6.50; Mrs Mellie M Foss, dues 1.00	7 50	NEW HAMPSHIRE	
Ocean Park, Mrs N W Whitcomb, share Miss Barnes' salary	4 00	Danville Aux, dues	39 00
Pittsfield, Jun C E sal'y Miss A Porter .	3 23	Dover, H H & F M Soc'y for Nat Teach 6.25; Sarala 6.25	12 50
Portland Aux, In mem for Noni Bella Butts 25.00; Miss A Brooks for B W 25.00; Miss C E Edgerly's S S class, Miss Coombs 10.00; Miss F E Berry's S S Class for Besu Mohaptra 5.00;		Franklin, Mrs Melissa Cheney Paige Me- morial Fund Inc for support child in S O	500 00
		Jackson, Mrs J W Williams for boy in India	2 00
		New Market Ch, Mrs F Elkins, 1/2 F M, 1/2 H M	5 00
		New Hampton, sal'y Miss Butts	5 00
		Pittsfield Aux, dues, Gn'l Wk	5 00
		N H Total	\$568 50

VERMONT

East Williamstown Ch, Mrs Goodrich for sal'y Miss A Porter	1 00
Enosburg Falls, F B W M S, bal appor for sal'y Miss A Porter	10 00
Montpelier, Ellen F, Dorothy M, Gerald C Pease for sal'y Miss Barnes	12 00
Sutton F B Ch, Aux, Mrs Helen Royal 1.00; Mrs Olive E Haines 1.00	2 00
Do, Completion appor for sal'y Miss A Porter	10 20
Shady Rill Ch, sal'y Miss A Porter	10 00
Vermont Total	\$45 20

MASSACHUSETTS

Athol, Friends for support of Golap . .	25 00
Lawrence First Bapt Ch for Storer . . .	25 00
Mass Total	\$50 00

RHODE ISLAND

Carolina Aux, K W	4 00
Do Ind	5 00
Cradle Roll	4 94
Greenville C E for Jhumpi	6 25
Pascoag Aux, K W	18 00
Do, Ind	18 00
Pawtucket Aux, K W	5 00
Do C R	8 00
Providence, Plainfield St, Olneyville Aux for K W	10 00
Do for Ind	8 00
Roger Williams Aux, K W	13 00
Do Ind	13 00
Rhode Island Total	\$113 19

KENTUCKY

Fulton First Baptist Philathea Class for Lude in S O	8 50
Kentucky Total	\$8 50

OHIO

Rio Grande, Miss Ruth A Brockett, F M	5 00
Ohio Total	\$5 00

MINNESOTA

Blue Earth S S for Miss Barnes' sal'y .	6 00
Champlin Aux for B W	20 00
Huntley Aux, Bal appor to April 1, 1917 .	21 64
Verona Aux, Completed appor for Gen'l Work	2 00
Winnebago Aux for F M	12 00
Minnesota Total	\$61 64

MICHIGAN

Ada, Mr and Mrs C L Johnson for B W at Balasore	25 00
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Bankers Aux for Storer 2.00; Miss Daniels 3.10	5 10
Batavia Aux, Dr B 3.00; Sto 2.00; T O 10.50	15 50
Battle Creek, Mrs H P Stone, Dr B. 31.75; Storer 3.25	35 00
Davison Aux, Dr B 6.00; Sto 4.00; T O 24.85	34 85
Dresden, Ont, Rev Jennie Johnson's Ch, Dr B	3 75
Elsie Aux, Dr B 6.30; Storer 4.20; T O 7.00 .	17 51
Fairfield Aux; Sto 98c; Miss Daniels 1.47 .	2 45
Gobleville, Aux, Dr B 3 40; Storer 2.25 . .	5 65
W W Guild, Mi-s Barnes	2 00
Goodrich Aux, Dr B 1.80; Storer 1.20 . . .	3 00
Hillsdale Aux, Storer 3.70; Miss Daniels 28.65; Share 'Helper' 3.00; Cut 'Hel-per' 3.00	37 75
Lansing, sal'y Miss Daniels	8 36
Mason, Miss Band for sup Nerosa in S O 15.15; Dr Mary 4.85	20 00
Do Aux, Dr B 4.20; Storer 2.80	7 00
No Reading Aux, Miss Daniels	16 10
Onsted Aux, Sto 1.70; Miss Daniels 2.55 . .	4 25
Reading Aux, Sto 80c; Miss Daniels 1.20 .	2 00
Sanilac Division of Q M W M S, Sto 2.00; Native Worker 50.00	52 00
Union Aux, Dr B 1.80; Sto 1.20	3 00
Do S S, Dr B	50
Waverly QM, Dr B	1 25
West Cannon Aux, Dr B 1.80; Sto 1.20 . .	3 00
West Cambria Aux, Sto 1 20; Miss Daniels 1.80	3 00
W Oshtemo, Dr B 12.00; Storer 8.00; T O 7.50	27 50
Michigan Total	\$335 51

IOWA

Oelwein, Mrs Mattie Zimmerman for S O	6 00
Osage, Mrs Emma D Mack, Dues 1.00; T O 1 00	2 00
Iowa Total	\$8 00

MISCELLANEOUS

Est H C Phillips for salary Mrs I M Holder	84 00
Misc Total	\$84
	\$1,551 02

EDYTH R. PORTER, Treasurer

47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.

Per May Malvern, Assistant Treasurer

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath the sum of — to the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine.

